

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1200.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1840.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Marian; or, a Young Maid's Fortunes. By Mrs. S. C. Hall, authoress of "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," "Uncle Horace," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

A NEW work from the pen of this charming authoress must be hailed with delight by the lovers of truthful and natural painting; and to such we would address our notice. To the revellers in supernatural horrors—unnatural characters (too good or too bad for every day, or even human life)—and impossible events, we can only say, if you run for such stuff to these volumes, you will be disappointed. There is no such trash in Mrs. Hall's *Marian*: her sketches of character are lifelike; her events probable; and the *dramatis personæ*, necessary to the progress and dénouement of the plot, brought together with perfect ease. Her locale, too, has a peculiar charm for us. We have a thousand times walked every step of the ground, and while we in memory retrace it, we will let the authoress speak for herself:—

"Katty's indignation at the mention of 'starving Irish' began simmering, but, at the word 'misery,' it instantly boiled over. 'Oh, my lady! I ask yer pardon for making so bold: distress may come upon any country—and I'd be sorry to say who brought it; but they'll have their reward, one way or other, that's all; but it would be a dale genteeleer to send the craythurs the money, without any blarney or bother about it: and, saving yer presence, ma'am, it's a bad example I'd be of misery, my lady.' Her portly and handsome appearance confirmed this, as her eye moved rapidly round the circle; and, seeing that she had 'the meeting' with her, she continued—'Thank God! I never felt misery myself, nor aint likely, while I'm with this good lady for a mistress, and sees so much beauty smiling at every side of me; and yerself, madam, to the fore, my lady, who has the larning of the wide world packt into yer head—may it never grow grey with sorrow, nor ache with pain.' 'Beautiful!—quite beautiful!' exclaimed Lady Bab, who vacillated from one whim or idea to another, unceasingly. 'Beautiful! My dear Mrs. Jones, you must send this nurse and child down to Lady Isabella's for change of air—and I shall learn Irish—and, oh dear! can you dance an Irish jig?' 'Faith, my lady,' replied the smiling nurse, 'many a one I danced to the music of my own heart; but that's been still so long, that it's ages since I covered the buckle!' 'The genuine feeling and poetry which the first part of this reply betrayed, moved even the placid Lady Isabel; for the first time she looked at the child, and tears gathered in her eyes: Katty saw it, and, with genuine good feeling, attempted to turn away. How mysterious it is, that, between the unlettered and the lettered, there frequently exist feelings of sympathy—self, and, as it were, simultaneously, created,—born and perfected within a moment,—which last as long as life exists, and are as unnering as they are unfathomable! Lady Isabella perceived that Katty understood her; and she remembered the Irish nurse and her infant charge long after they had faded from

the memory of her volatile sister. The point that struck Lady Bab in Mrs. Macane's reply was the name of the step. "'Cover the buckle'—an Irish step—a real Irish step—delightful! Positively, Katty must dance it!" exclaimed her ladyship. "Can anybody play 'cover the buckle'?" No; no one, of course, could play it. "Can you dance to no tune but that?" inquired Lady Bab. Poor Katty looked bewildered. A whisper was spreading through the rooms that Lady Barbara Hesketh had caught a wild Irish-woman, and was going to make her dance an Irish jig. Every variation of countenance and expression crowded the doorways—all interest for the 'dear!'—'sweet!'—'innocent!'—'lovely!'—'cherub!'—'charming!'—'fascinating!'—'infant!'—'creation!'—which had been declared to be like Lady This, Lord That, and Princess T'other (no one attempted to compare it to any untitled personage)—had vanished. People are always alive to their own amusement; and there was, it must be confessed, something very novel in the idea of a wild Irishwoman dancing a real Irish jig in a lady's crowded drawing-room. 'I can't, indeed, my lady—I can't,' said Katty, in an agony. 'See, what ud become of the baby?' 'Send it to bed—or, Lady Isabella, you will hold it,' said Lady Bab. 'The craythur would cry its two beautiful eyes out, my lady, if it was tuck from me. Pray, excuse me, my lady—some other time.' 'Can nobody play that tune?' persisted her ladyship, without hearing the expostulation, or seeing Mrs. Cavendish Jones's long face; for though the request did come from Lady Bab, Mrs. Jones saw it was very absurd. 'If you please, my lady, 'Cover the buckle' isn't a tune like 'Jig Polthougue,' or the 'Rakes of Malla,' or suchlike; it's only a step,' said Katty, unwisely anxious to shew her knowledge. 'Delightful!' exclaimed Lady Bab. 'Then 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning' would do as well.' 'It might be humoured, I'll not deny it; though I've heard many say it wasn't a born-jig.' 'Tell those miserable fiddlers of yours, my dear Mrs. Jones, to play 'St. Patrick's Day' directly.' 'Miserable! Lady Bab,' repeated Mrs. Cavendish Jones; 'I assure your ladyship they constantly play at Carlton House. I pay them enormously; and yet it is a favour to get them. I do not suppose they either could or would play any thing so common: I only engaged them for waltzes and quadrilles.' And, having so said, Mrs. Cavendish endeavoured to impart a dignified and offended expression to her thin features. Poor woman! she forgot herself: her temper got the better of her wisdom and of her politeness. What a restraint is politeness to selfish persons! Lady Bab laughed a contemptuous laugh. 'Really,' she said, 'you are quite a novice to be so imposed on: those men were never in a better house than this, depend on it. Hesketh, tell them to play 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.' The command was given in an imperial tone: the fiddlers tuned, or were tuning, when Katty curtsied again before the lady of the ascendant. 'If you please, my lady, to put it off; I couldn't dance it by meself; and

it would take ever so long to insinuate these gentlemen into it.' 'Oh, there is no necessity to incense them in any way,' said Lady Bab: 'this gentleman' (turning to the little fat Alderman Cooke) 'looks very like a picture I once saw of an Irish priest, and could dance it with you.' 'Many thanks, ma'am; but, indeed, the gentleman's a dale too sony to bother himself with dancin'; and, any how, I couldn't cut a step, barring it was on a door, or something that way—sorra a step I could do, my lady, foreint all this beauty and grandeur; it wouldn't be natural-like.' 'There's phraseology!' said Lady Bab, turning to her admirers, who, if truth must be told, were very hungry, and began to think that her ladyship exacted more homage than all the crowned heads of Europe put together. Still they played their play out to the last, and echoed, of course, her concluding sentence. 'We will take down a door!—oh! how delightful!—quite original!' she said, when the echo had performed to her satisfaction. 'Indeed, indeed, my lady, I can't!' said Katty, coming close to her ladyship, and speaking in a lower tone. 'Not a step could I handle at all. Sure I'd walk from this to Portingale on my hands and knees to do yer noble ladyship a service; but it's not in my power to oblige your honour, you understand, on account of a—hardness I have in my fut.' 'A what, woman?' 'Speak out!' said Lady Bab, sharply. 'Why, thin, saving yer presence, my lady, since ye will have it (though God forbid yer ladyship ever should!) it's a corn in the heart o' my fut that's broke me entirely; and it was all the fault of that vagabone, Boneyparte—trapseing afther him, that murdered us all, and privented the grate honour I should have had in dancing to please ye, my lady—bad luck to him!' This confession was followed by a shout of laughter, in which Lady Bab joined; and, at the same time, the poor infant broke into a loud scream, which the 'whisht, a-lannan!—whisht, a-cushla!' of its nurse, failed to suppress; and Katty, to her great delight, was permitted to make a precipitate retreat. She ran up the stairs without any symptom of lameness; and without looking to the right or the left, rushed into the nursery, and seated herself by a table upon which a lamp was burning: in an instant the infant was resting on her lap, and she had thrown off its robe. 'Bad cess to the ruffles! Ah, jewel, war ye! my birdie! and whisht!' she said to the still sobbing infant, as she pressed its small rosy foot to her lips. 'And was it yer toe I pinched, my precious, to get the squall out of ye? God forgive me!—that's a sweet one!'"

Again, and of another tone, is the following:— "He is not dead?" "No, my lord, not dead!" "Well, then, you can cure him, sir; you shall cure him." "If his wife would do as she ought, it might be possible—just possible, my lord, but she will not part with him; day and night does she sit beside him, listening to the ravings of his insanity—which are rendered a thousand times more painful by the consciousness that at times returns only with sufficient brightness to heighten the gloom,

* "Make them understand"

There she is, apparently living without sleep, or air, or exercise, or almost food; existing, as if she were the soul, the active, living, thinking soul, which has been banished from that poor body, bestowing her all upon it—reserving for herself nothing but the hope that literally springs from her despair. They would not keep them in the lodging where I saw them at first, so she took a three-roomed cottage in a suburb—a miserable detached thing, shaking in the blast, and only sheltered by green, unhealthy poplars; and there she waits upon and watches him; in his strongest fits her voice will soothe him; he was so seized this morning when I called—it was fearful; the person whom I had forced upon her, out of regard for her personal safety, could hardly keep him down; yet she took up her guitar—her poor eyes blinded with tears—her hand more nerveless and unstrung than the weak instrument. He did not heed the chords, but, when she sung—and sing she did, in that poor shattered cottage—she, whose voice used to be applauded to the echoes not long since, when she sung—his fingers ceased their fierce grappings, his eyes by degrees returned to their humanity, he lay quite still—perfectly still; at last a moisture sprang to his heated eye-balls—she singing, my lord, all the time—tears burst on cheeks that were fever-flushed—still, my lord, that suffering woman sung—at last he turned his gaze on her. God! how her hands trembled then! In another moment he called her by her name, 'Margaret.' She did not rush to him as a thoughtless woman would, but dropped the instrument, still singing softly, then crept towards him, crawled on the poor bed whereon he lay, and, the paroxysm over, the maniac sobbed and cried upon that faithful bosom that loved him better a thousand times than in the hours of his prosperity."

The faithful, warm-hearted Irish nurse deserves a few lines to herself. She is, to our thinking, the true heroine of the story.

"Unlettered, yet not ignorant, her ideas, if conveyed in good authorised English, would have been considered worth remembering for their quaintness and originality, if not for their justness and propriety. She had looked at the world 'fore and aft'; she had married, like most Irish girls, for love, not prudence, and had remained, as (thank God!) so many of her countrywomen do, true and faithful to a man who was little better than a brute, for no other reason than that he was her husband. She had been with him in the Peninsula, returned with him to England, and buried him, to use her own phrase, 'decent,' after watching his sick bed, and enduring his increased ill temper, for many months. He was a soldier; and it was during her wanderings abroad that Kitty became acquainted with the mysteries of sundry 'made dishes,' which entitled her to the rank and reputation of a first-rate cook. Kitty, moreover, was stern and honest; fond of humour, and gifted with a light yet tender heart. She was still in the prime of life; with a round joyous expression of countenance, and eyes sparkling, either in tears or smiles. Sometimes it was said they sparkled with more than natural spirit, but only she declared, 'whin she had the devil's own dinner and all to dress,' and no one with understanding to help her. What could she do but take a thimbleful, to keep up her heart? On such occasions it was her invariable practice to cry after her husband, who, according to her own account, must have been a gigantic monster, 'standing six foot three in his stocking-vamps, the pride of the regiment, and so fond of the army that he'd

fight with his own shadow, sooner than get out of practice. Yet,' she would add, with characteristic feeling, 'sure he had the first of my heart's love, and the last of it is in his grave.'"

Mrs. Cavendish Jones is a clever sketch, as also is General Peronett; but the whole production is so truly deserving of every praise, that we will not intrude longer, except to wish that all our readers may enjoy the gratification of reading it.

Loiterings of Travel. By N. P. Willis, author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," "Melanie," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Longman, and Co.

Light and lively, Mr. Willis has here given us another very miscellaneous work, in which remarks on men and things, seen as he loitered about the world, poetical effusions, and a number of short tales of various character, form altogether a medley of pleasant gossipry and amusing reading. In his preface, he offers some reflections applicable to his preceding publications, which, in justice to them and the present volumes, we will also adopt as our introduction.

"I am free," he says, "to confess that no age interests me like the present; that no pictures of society since the world began are half so entertaining to me as those of English society in our day; and that, whatever comparison the living great men of England may sustain with those of other days, there is no doubt in my mind that English social life, at the present moment, is at a higher pitch of refinement and cultivation than it was ever here or elsewhere since the world began—consequently it, and all who form and figure in it, are dignified and legitimate subjects of curiosity and speculation. The Count Mirabel and Lady Bellair of D'Israeli's last romance are, to my mind, the cleverest portraits, as well as the most entertaining characters, of modern novel-writing; and D'Israeli, by the way, is the only English author who seems to have the power of enlarging his horizon, and getting a perspective view of the times he lives in. His novels are far more popular in America than in England, because the Atlantic is to us a century. We picture to ourselves England and Victoria as we picture to ourselves England and Elizabeth. We relish an anecdote of Sheridan Knowles as we should one of Ford or Marlowe. This immense ocean between us is like the distance of time; and while all that is minute and bewildering is lost to us, the greater lights of the age and the prominent features of society stand out apart, and we judge of them like posterity. Much as I have myself lived in England, I have never been able to remove this long perspective from between my eye and the great men of whom I read and thought on the other side of the Atlantic. When I find myself in the same room with the hero of Waterloo, my blood creeps as if I had seen Cromwell or Marlborough; and I sit down afterwards to describe how he looked, with the eagerness with which I should communicate to my friends some disinterested description of these renowned heroes by a contemporary writer. If Cornelius Agrippa were *redivivus*, in short, and would shew me his magic mirror, I should as soon call up Moore as Dryden—Wordsworth or Wilson as soon as Pope or Crichton. This is a great ado, you will think, O kind and considerate preface-reader, about a very small portion of the book; but other productions of mine in this vein having been reviewed as 'scandal,' I wish you to grant me that nothing ill-natured or re-

proachful—no scandal, in other words—could possibly spring out of the spirit in which I have written. As I said in a former preface, my first 'Pencilings' of living men and manners were written for my country-people only, and only they, I presumed, would ever hear of or be interested in them. They were sketched in the warmest admiration of the men of genius and the phases of society described. They had no pretensions. I would gladly have kept them the other side of the water. But after five years the book is still selling in fresh editions in England; and I am fated, very much against my will, to be best known out of my own country by my hasty and most trivial productions. I trust it will not always be so."

A portion of the first volume is occupied with England; and from its sketches we select a rather original view of our much-abused climate:—

"It is almost a matter of course to decry the climate of England. The English writers themselves talk of the suicidal months; and it is the only country where part of the livery of a mounted groom is his master's great-coat strapped about his waist. It is certainly a damp climate, and the sun shines less in England than in most other countries. But to persons of full habit, this moisture in the air is extremely agreeable; and the high condition of all animals in England, from man downwards, proves its healthfulness. A stranger who has been accustomed to a brighter sky, will, at first, find a gloom in the grey light so characteristic of an English atmosphere; but this soon wears off, and he finds a compensation, as far as the eye is concerned, in the exquisite softness of the verdure, and the deep and enduring brightness of the foliage. The effect of this moisture on the skin is singularly grateful. The pores become accustomed to a healthy action, which is unknown in other countries; and the bloom by which an English complexion is known all over the world is the index of an activity in this important part of the system, which, when first experienced, is almost like a new sensation. The transition to a dry climate, such as ours, deteriorates the condition and quality of the skin, and produces a feeling, if I may so express it, like that of being glazed. It is a common remark in England, that an officer's wife and daughters follow his regiment to Canada at the expense of their complexions; and it is a well-known fact that the bloom of female beauty is, in our country, painfully evanescent. The climate of America is, in many points, very different from that of France and Great Britain. In the middle and northern states, it is a dry, invigorating, bracing climate, in which a strong man may do more work than in almost any other, and which makes continual exercise or occupation of some sort absolutely necessary. With the exception of the 'Indian summer,' and here and there a day scattered through the spring and the hot months, there is no weather tempered so finely that one would think of passing the day in merely enjoying it, and life is passed, by those who have the misfortune to be idle, in continual and active dread of the elements. The cold is so acrid, and the heat so sultry, and the changes from one to the other are so sudden and violent, that no enjoyment can be depended upon out of doors, and no system of clothing or protection is good for a day together. He who has full occupation for head and hand (as by far the greatest majority of our countrymen have) may live as long in America as in any portion of the globe—*vide* the bills of mortality. He whose spirits lean upon the temperature of the wind, or whose

nerves require a genial and constant atmosphere, may find more favourable climes; and the habits and delicate constitutions of scholars and people of sedentary pursuits generally, in the United States, prove the truth of the observation. The habit of regular exercise in the open air, which is found to be so salutary in England, is scarcely possible in America. It is said, and said truly, of the first, that there is no day in the year when a lady may not ride comfortably on horseback; but with us, the extremes of heat and cold, and the tempestuous character of our snows and rains, totally forbid, to a delicate person, any thing like regularity in exercise. The consequence is, that the habit rarely exists, and the high and glowing health so common in England, and consequent, no doubt, upon the equable character of the climate, in some measure, is with us sufficiently rare to excite remark. 'Very English-looking' is a common phrase, and means very healthy-looking. Still our people last; and though I should define the English climate as the one in which the human frame is in the highest condition, I should say of America, that it is the one in which you could get the most work out of it. Atmosphere, in England and America, is the first of the necessities of life. In Italy, it is the first of its luxuries.¹

From England, our author dashes off at once to Washington; and as, agreeably to his canons, the descriptions of that distant spot must possess more attractions for English readers, we shall turn to them for a few of our extracts.

"The paradox of 'the more one does, the more one can do,' is resolved in life at Washington with more success than I have seen it elsewhere. The inexorable bell at the hotel or boarding-house pronounces the irrevocable and swift transit of breakfast to all sleepers after eight. The elastic depths of the pillow have scarcely yielded their last feather to the pressure of the sleeper's head, before the drowsy is rudely shaken from his eyelids, and with an alacrity which surprises himself, he finds his toilet achieved, his breakfast over, and himself abroad to lounge in the sunshine till the flag waves on the Capitol. He would retire to his chamber to read during these two or three vacant hours, but the one chair in his pigeon-hole creeps, or has no back or bottom, or his anthracite fire is out, or is too hot for the size of the room; or, in short, Washington, from whatever cause, is a place where none read except those who stand up to a padlocked newspaper. The stars and stripes, moving over the two wings of the Capitol at eleven, announce that the two chambers of legislation are in session, and the hard-working idler makes his way to the senate or the house. He lingers in the lobby awhile, amused with the button-hole seizers plying the unwilling ears of members with their claims, or enters the library, where ladies turn over prints, and enfilade, with their battery of truant eyes, the comers-in at the green-door. He then gropes up the dark staircase to the senate gallery, and stifles in the pressure of a hot gallery, forgetting, like listeners at a crowded opera, that bodily discomfort will unlink the finest harmonies of song or oratory. Thence he descends to the rotunda to draw breath and listen to the more practical, but quite as earnest, eloquence of candidates for patents; and passes, after awhile, to the crowded gallery of the house, where, by some acoustic phenomena in the construction of the building, the voices of the speakers come to his ear as articulate as water from a narrow-necked bottle. 'Small blame to them!' he thinks, however; for behind the

brexia columns are grouped all the fair forms of Washington; and in making his bow to two hundred despotic lawgivers in feathers and velvet, he is readily consoled that the duller legislators who yield to their sway are inaudible and forgotten. To this upper house drop in, occasionally, the younger or gayer members of the lower, bringing, if not political scandal, at least some slight *résumé* of what Mr. Somebody is beating his desk about below; and thus, crammed with the day's trifles, or the day's business, and fatigued from heel to eyelid, our idler goes home at five to dress for dinner, and the night's campaign, having been up and on his legs for ten mortal hours. Cold water and a little silence in his own room have rather refreshed him, and he dines at six with a party of from fifteen to twenty-five persons. He discusses the vital interests of fourteen millions of people over a glass of wine with the man whose vote, possibly, will decide their destiny, and thence hurries to a ball-room crammed like a perigord pie, where he pants, elbows, eats supper, and waltzes till three in the morning. How human constitutions stand this, and stand it daily and nightly, from the beginning to the end of a session, may well puzzle the philosophy of those who rise and breakfast in comfortable leisure. * * *

Some eccentric mechanic has presented the President with a sulky, made entirely (except the wheels) of rough-cut hickory, with the bark on. It looks rude enough, but has very much the everlasting look of old Hickory himself; and if he could be seen driving a high-stepping, bony, old iron-grey steed in it, any passer-by would see that there was as much fitness in the whole thing as in the chariot of Bacchus and his reeling leopards. Some curiously twisted and gnarled branches have been very ingeniously turned into handles and whip-box, and the vehicle is compact and strong."

As we have just seen a British Queen in procession to open Parliament, we may as well note how an American President performs the same ceremony, Mr. Van Buren, on succeeding General Jackson.

"The republican procession, consisting of the presidents and their families, escorted by a small volunteer corps, arrived soon after twelve. The General and Mr. Van Buren were in the Constitution phaeton,* drawn by four greys, and as it entered the gate, they both rode uncovered. Descending from the carriage at the foot of the steps, a passage was made for them through the dense crowd, and the tall white head of the old chieftain, still uncovered, went steadily up through the agitated mass, marked by its peculiarity from all around it. I was in the crowd thronging the opposite side of the court, and lost sight of the principal actors in this imposing drama, till they returned from the Senate Chamber. A temporary platform had been laid, and railed in on the broad stair which supports the portico, and for all preparation to one of the most important and most meaning and solemn ceremonies on earth—for the inauguration of a chief magistrate over a republic of fifteen millions of freemen—the whole addition to the open air, and the presence

* * * Made of the old wood of the frigate Constitution. It has a seat for two, with a driver's box, covered with a superb hampercloth, and set up rather high in front; the wheels and body are low, and there are bars for baggage behind; altogether, for lightness and elegance, it would be a creditable turn-out for Long Acre. The material is excessively beautiful—a fine-grained oak, polished to a very high degree, with its colours delicately brought out by a coat of varnish. The wheels are very slender and light, but strong, and, with all its finish, it looks a vehicle capable of a great deal of service. A portrait of the Constitution, under full sail, is painted on the panels."

of the people, was a volume of Holy Writ. In comparing the impressive simplicity of this consummation of the wishes of a mighty people, with the tricked-out ceremonial and hollow show which embarrasses a corresponding event in other lands, it was impossible not to feel that the moral sublime was here—that a transaction so important, and of such extended and weighty import, could borrow nothing from drapery or decoration, and that the simple presence of the Sacred Volume, consecrating the act, spoke more thrillingly to the heart than the trumpets of a thousand heralds. The crowd of diplomatists and senators in the rear of the columns made way, and the Ex-President and Mr. Van Buren advanced with uncovered heads. A murmur of feeling rose up from the moving mass below, and the infirm old man, emerged from a sick chamber, which his physician had thought it impossible he should leave, bowed to the people and, still uncovered in the cold air, took his seat beneath the portico. Mr. Van Buren then advanced, and with a voice remarkably distinct, and with great dignity, read his address to the people. The air was elastic, and the day still; and it is supposed that near twenty thousand persons heard him from his elevated position distinctly. I stood myself on the outer limit of the crowd; and though I lost occasionally a sentence from the interruption near by, his words came clearly articulated to my ear. When the address was closed, the Chief Justice advanced and administered the oath. As the book touched the lips of the new President, there arose a general shout, an expression of feeling common enough in other countries, but drawn with difficulty from an American assemblage. The sons and the immediate friends of Mr. Van Buren, then closed about him; the Ex-President, the Chief Justice, and others, gave him the hand in congratulation, and the ceremony was over. They descended the steps, the people gave one more shout as they mounted the Constitution carriage together, and the procession returned through the avenue, followed by the whole population of Washington. Mr. Van Buren held a levee immediately afterwards, but I endeavoured in vain to get my foot over the threshold. The crowd was tremendous. At four, the diplomatic body had an audience; and in replying to the address of Don Angel Calderon, the President astonished the gold coats, by addressing them as the democratic corps. The representatives of the crowned heads of Europe stood rather uneasily under the epithet, till it was suggested that he possibly meant to say diplomatic. * * * * * Aside from society, the only amusement in Washington is frequenting the Capitol. If one has a great deal of patience and nothing better to do, this is very well; and it is very well at any rate till one becomes acquainted with the heads of the celebrated men in both the chambers, with the noble architecture of the building, and the routine of business. This done, it is time wearily spent for a spectator. The finer orators seldom speak, or seldom speak warmly; the floor is oftentimes occupied by prosing and very sensible gentlemen, whose excellent ideas enter the mind more agreeably by the eye than the ear, or, in other words, are better delivered by the newspapers, and there is a great deal of formula and etiquetrical sparring which is not even entertaining to the members, which consumes time 'consumedly.' Now and then the Senate adjourns when some one of the great orators has taken the floor, and you are sure of a great effort the next morning. If you are there in time, and can sit, like Atlas with a world on your back,

you may enjoy a front seat, and hear oratory, unsurpassed, in my opinion, in the world."

We cannot undertake, in this review, to meddle with the little romances and tales which fill nearly two-thirds of these volumes. They are of all kinds, and shew much versatility of talent. The whole concludes with an epistolary journal during the last year in England, and a visit to the famous Eglintoun Tournament, from which we copy the following touching relation:—

"An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. 'That wonder,' said Miss P——, 'was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my hearing, and he told a story, in answer, which I will tell you; and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village, not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays: but the weeks slipped on; and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to seek to speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart; and he had made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman present officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside, and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. 'Since that,' said the clergyman in question, 'my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only. I shall speak to her in heaven.'"

Two or three bits from the Tournament, and we must close. Arrival at Ardrossan:

"A Gael, who did not comprehend a syllable of such English as a Yankee delivers, shouldered my portmanteau without direction or request, and travelled away to the inn, where he deposited it, and held out his hand in silence. There was certainly quite enough said between us; and, remembering the boisterous accompaniment with which the claims of porters are usually pushed upon one's notice, I could well wish that Gaelic tide-waiters were more common. 'Any room, landlord?' was the first question. 'Not a cupboard, sir,' was the answer. 'Can you give me some breakfast?' asked fifty others in a breath. 'Breakfast will be put upon all the tables presently, gentlemen,' said the dismayed Boniface, glancing at the crowds who were pouring in, and, Scotchman-like, making no promises to individuals. 'Landlord!' vociferated a gentleman from the

other side of the hall, 'what the devil does this mean? Here's the room I engaged a fortnight ago occupied by a dozen people shaving and dressing!' 'I cannot help it, sir! Ye're welcome to turn 'em a' out—if ye can!' said the poor man, lifting up his hands in despair, and retreating to the kitchen. The hint was a good one; and taking up my own portmanteau, I opened a door in one of the passages. It led into a small apartment, which in more roomy times might have been a pantry, but was now occupied by three beds and a great variety of baggage. There was a twopenny glass on the mantel-piece, and a drop or two of water in a picher; and where there were sheets, I could make shift for a towel. I found presently, by the way, that I had had a narrow escape of surprising some one in bed, for the sheet which did duty as a napkin was still warm with the pressure of the newly-fled occupant. Three or four smart-looking damsels, in caps, looked in while I was engaged in my toilet; and this, with one or two slight observations made in the apartment, convinced me that I had intruded on the dormitory of the ladies' maids belonging to the various parties in the house. A hurried 'God bless us!' as they retreated, however, was all either of reproach or remonstrance that I was troubled with; and I emerged with a smooth chin in time for breakfast, very much to the envy and surprise of my less enterprising companions. There was a great scramble for the tea and toast; but, uniting forces with a distinguished literary man, whose acquaintance I had been fortunate enough to make on board the steamer, we managed to get places at one of the tables, and achieved our breakfasts in tolerable comfort."

Among the well-wet tilers, Mr. W. says: "The Knight of the Dragon, who had been out to look after his charger, was being wiped dry by a friendly pocket handkerchief, and all countenances had fallen with the barometer. It was time for the procession to start, however, and the knights appeared, one by one, armed cap-à-pié, all save the helmet, till at last the hall was crowded with steel-clad and chivalric forms; and they waited only for the advent of the Queen of Beauty. After admiring not a little the manly bearing and powerful 'thwews and sinews' displayed by the array of modern English nobility, in the trying costumes and harness of olden time, I stepped out upon the lawn, with some curiosity to see how so much heavy metal was to be got into a demipique saddle. After one or two ineffectual attempts, foiled partly by the restlessness of his horse, the first knight called ingloriously for a chair. Another scrambled over with great difficulty; and I fancy, though Lord Waterford and Lord Eglinton, and one other whom I noticed, mounted very gallantly and gracefully, the getting to saddle was possibly the most difficult feat of the day. The ancient achievement of leaping on the steed's back from the ground, in complete armour, would certainly have broken the spine of any horse present, and was probably never done but in story. Once in the saddle, however, English horsemanship told well; and one of the finest sights of the day, I thought, was the breaking away of a powerful horse from the grooms, before his rider had gathered up his reins, and a career at furious speed through the open park, during which the steel-encumbered horseman rode as safely as a fox-hunter, and subdued the affrighted animal, and brought him back in a style worthy of a wreath from the Queen of Beauty."

"The Jester rode into the lists upon a grey

steed, shaking his bells over his head, and dressed in an odd costume of blue and yellow, with a broad-flapped hat, asses' ears, &c. His character was not at first understood by the crowd; but he soon began to excite merriment by his jokes, and no little admiration by his capital riding. He was a professional person, I think it was said, from Astley's; but as he spoke with a most excellent Scotch 'burr,' he easily passed for an indigenous 'fool.' He rode from side to side of the lists during the whole of the tournament, borrowing umbrellas, quizzing the knights, &c. One of the most striking features of the procession was the turn-out of the Knight of the Gael, Lord Glenlyon, with seventy of his clansmen at his back in plaid and philibeg; and a finer exhibition of calves (without a joke) could scarce be desired. They followed their chieftain on foot; and when the procession separated, took up their places in line along the palisade, serving as a guard to the lists. After the procession had twice made the circuit of the enclosure, doing obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, the Jester had possession of the field while the knights retired to don their helmets (hitherto carried by their esquires), and to await the challenge to combat."

To this we shall only add, that the Jester was not personated by any one from Astley's, but by M'lan, one of the best performers in his line upon the stage, and a very clever artist and accomplished fellow to boot in all situations.

WOOD ENGRAVING IN FRANCE.

[Third Notice.]

Fables de La Fontaine. (Illustrations by Grandville.) 2 vols. 8vo.—*Voyages de Gulliver.* (New Translation, with Illustrations by Grandville.) 2 vols. 8vo.—*Aventures de Robinson Crusoe.* (New Translation, Illustrations by Grandville, Baron, and Français.) 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, Fournier.
Contes et Nouvelles de La Fontaine. (Illustrations by Tony Johannot, &c.) 8vo. Paris, Bourdin.

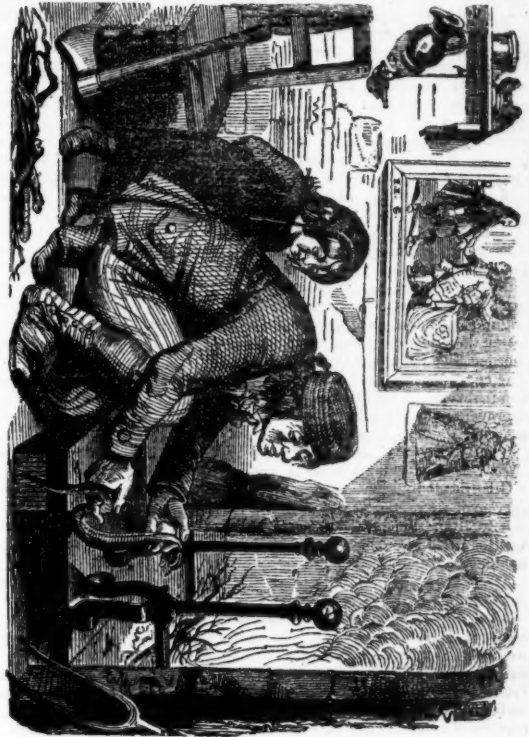
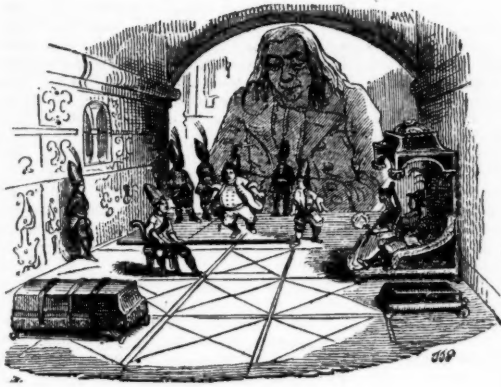
Le Diable Boiteux, par Lesage. (Illustrations by Tony Johannot.) 8vo. Paris, Bourdin.

WE give above the titles of some of the more recently published works, which follow more or less in the train of "Gil Blas," Molière, and "Don Quixote." We believe that the greater number of the books here enumerated were completed in the course of the past year.

The illustrations of the *Fables de La Fontaine* are exceedingly beautiful, both as designs and as engravings. We think, indeed, that this is one of the best, if not the best, of all the French illustrated books. It is difficult to conceive a more elegant and entertaining present for young people. We give two specimens of the engravings. The first illustrates the fable of the bulls and the frogs. The two bulls are engaged in unflinching warfare on the border of the marsh; the stoical indifference of one of the frogs, quietly smoking his pipe of reed, and wondering at the emotion of his fellow-croaker, is admirably depicted; and not less so the impassioned gestures of the other, terror-struck with the presentiment that they must soon be trampled under the feet of the vanquished or of the vanquisher. In the distance we have a scene which brings home to us more strongly and vividly the moral of the story:—

"Hélas! on voit que de tout temps,
Les petits ont pâti des sottises des grands."

The other cut which we give from this work, illustrating the fable of the villager and the serpent, is a remarkably good specimen of wood-engraving. The face and body of the villager,



and particularly the countenance of the child, are full of effect.

The *Tales of La Fontaine*, published by Bourdin, is also illustrated by some very fine woodcuts. But the nature of this book renders it impossible that it should ever be popular in England; and the defect in its character which renders the text obnoxious generally to modern ears, makes the illustrations much more obnoxious to modern eyes. We are of course speaking with regard to the attempt to give this book the extensive circulation which alone can repay the expense of illustrating it in such a style. The designs that embellish *La Fontaine's Tales* are not so remarkable as those in many other similar publications; although bearing high names, yet they have not much originality, and a great part of them are little better than modifications of the pictures which adorned the older editions of the same work. The engraving in some of the woodcuts is very fine; several of them are by English wood-engravers; but we are inclined, on the whole, to prefer the style displayed in the French cuts.

The illustrated edition of the *Devil on Two Sticks* is an attempt to rival Paulin's "Oil Blas," and not without a considerable degree of success. The woodcuts, which are chiefly from the graver of Brévière, are very spirited, and the book merits altogether the popularity which it is likely to have.

It is somewhat singular that the French booksellers should have led the way in publishing illustrated editions of English standard authors, and even pointed out to us the choice we ought to make. *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver* are both calculated to be popular books. *Gulliver*, in particular, is most profusely embellished with engravings; and, with the exception of one or two cuts, where the artist has carried out the ideas of the author, so as to trespass a little on the rules of propriety, those engravings are of a most attractive kind. There is, however, one drawback on the illustrations of *Gulliver* which strikes us. In the voyage to Lilliput, the difference in magnitude between the voyager and the people in whose country he is thrown, compels the artist to draw most of his figures on so small a scale that it is impossible to give them any degree of expression, and they look too much like the characters in a puppet-show—we mean, too much so to be repeated so often. This, however, is an objection which applies only to one portion of the two volumes. We believe that an English edition of *Gulliver* is in the press, with the French cuts. The two cuts on the preceding page, both taken from the voyage to Lilliput, will serve as specimens of the embellishments of this work.

LORD CHATHAM'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Vols. III. and IV. London, Murray.

WE introduced this very valuable publication to our readers on its appearance last week, and afforded it as much illustration as our time and limits would allow. The extracts we selected were striking, and curiously applicable to great questions of the present day; but we must now expatiate on a few other topics. The following letter is remarkably characteristic of a great potentate, and the state of our foreign affairs at the time:—

"Sir Andrew Mitchell to the Earl of Chatham.
" (Private: for your lordship only.)
Berlin, August 21, 1766.

"My Lord,—Upon my arrival here, I took the earliest opportunity of making your lordship's compliments to the King of Prussia,

which were extremely well received; and he desired me to take the first proper occasion of assuring you of his esteem and friendship, as well as of the sense he had of your constant attachment and regard for him; and he concluded with saying, that he hoped your lordship would again be prevailed upon to take a share in government. I told him freely that I thought that period near at hand. The event has justified my prediction, and I hope his Prussian majesty will be more tractable and pliant whilst you are at the head of the administration. The high opinion he has of your lordship's honour and probity cannot fail to create a confidence, which may be greatly useful to the public. The duty of my station, as well as the affection I bear to you as a friend, oblige me to disclose to you some of the weaknesses of my hero. Great men have their failings; if they had none, they would be too much for humanity. His is that of vanity, and a desire, on every occasion, to have the lead, or at least to seem to have it. The first might be dangerous; the second, I mean the appearance of leading, may be yielded with advantage, in order to draw him into such measures as are really for his interest, but without shocking his vanity. To apply what I have said to the present case. Though I most heartily approve of the nomination of my friend Mr. Stanley, I could have wished that it had been kept in *petto*, till the King of Prussia had been consulted. I cannot doubt of his having approved of it, and that this mark of attention might have induced him to concur more readily in the great plan proposed. Besides, as that prince is naturally of a suspicious temper, he may imagine (notwithstanding all the assurances that can be given to the contrary) that Great Britain and Russia have already concerted this alliance between them without his participation, and that they mean to force him into it. If he should unhappily see it in this light, he will either not enter into it, or, if he does, he will never abide by it. Another circumstance which may serve to indispose him I shall mention to your lordship, and to you only; which is, that the nomination of an ambassador to the court of Russia, who is only to call upon him *en passant*, may make him jealous of the preference given to that court; for, though upon some occasions he laughs at all formalities, no man is more tenacious of them in whatever he thinks touches his rank, dignity, and consideration. I like extremely your maxim of *salvo majestate*: though it has not been constantly practised, I am persuaded your lordship will never swerve from it; and, therefore, I most sincerely wish that you may long remain at the head of affairs, to restore strength and dignity to the crown, confidence to the people, and respect and honour from foreign nations towards your native country. I ever am most affectionately, my dear lord, yours, &c. &c. ANDREW MITCHELL."

We inserted one letter to show the firmness with which George III. supported his minister, and the confidence he reposed in him; the following is another interesting example of the intercourse between the crown and its servants:—

"The Earl of Bristol to the Countess of Chatham.

March 2, 1767.

"Madam,—I should make a great many excuses for taking the liberty of troubling your ladyship with a letter, but that I prefer this method of conveying the king's commands, which I was honoured with this morning to Lord Chatham, rather than to send a letter

directed immediately to himself, as your ladyship will be best able to judge of the proper time of making the communication to his lordship. His majesty ordered me to express, in the strongest and the amplest terms, his own steadiness and resolution to support Lord Chatham; that his majesty wished to infuse his own firmness into the breasts of those who grew apprehensive, and was convinced that, as soon as Lord Chatham's health would allow of his taking that active part he was persuaded his zeal prompted him to, but illness alone prevented, all the clouds which are now hanging over us would be dispersed, and the king had no sort of doubt but he would be able to assist with his advice as effectually as ever. His majesty said he wished to see Lord Chatham, if it was but for a quarter of an hour; that he would not talk upon business, but only wanted to have the world know that he had attended him, for his own mind was not wavering; that he knew it was the same thing whether he opened the door of the closet at present to the opposition, or suffered those gentlemen to force it open: he was a prisoner and bound, whenever they set their foot within the closet; as for losing questions, that did not intimidate his majesty: he would stand his ground and be the last to yield, although he stood single. It would ill become me to add anything from myself, after delivering the royal commands. All my wishes are for the speedy recovery of my friend's health, that he may be confirmed in all I have made known to him, by the verbal assurances of the most amiable of masters. I am, with the most unfeigned respect, madam, your ladyship's most obedient and most humble servant,
"BRISTOL."

A very curious note (pages 368 et seq. vol. iii.) points out some extraordinary coincidences between a report of two of Lord Chatham's speeches (ann. 1770) in the MS. of Sir Philip Francis, and the "Letters" of Junius; and the inference is, that Francis was the author of these celebrated letters. We must, however, leave the controversy as we find it,* and proceed to a different kind of illustration of Lord Chatham:—

While on a visit at Mount Edgcombe, Garrick received the following poetical invitation from him to visit Burton Pynsent:—

'Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay:
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet;
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured, and an unpassion'd mind;
A statesman without power, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause;
Vot'ry alone to freedom, and the laws.
Herd, flock, and muling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspersed, an heart-enlivening train
Of sportive children frolic o'er the green;
Meantime pure love looks on, and consecrates the scene.
Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great nature's proxy, glass of every age!
Come, taste the simple life of patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or gold."

We subjoin Garrick's answer:—

"David Garrick, Esq. to the Earl of Chatham.
Hampton, February 26, 1772.

"My Lord,—It has been said, that there is a charm in verses to cure many disorders. I was weak, and slowly recovering from a fit of the stone, when Lord Lyttelton sent me your lordship's favour; I am now well, and in the highest spirits: the only fear at present is, lest from the peculiar force of the charm, they should rise beyond their proper pitch, and affect me another way. Indeed, my lord, you have put
* See also Vol. IV. pp. 194-5-6, &c., and the fact similar.

my wits to a very severe trial, and it is some small compliment to them that my vanity has not overset them. The only excuse I can possibly make for not sooner acknowledging the great honour conferred upon me is, that I did not find my mind sufficiently settled to appear before your lordship. Though I am thoroughly humbled as a poet, and not a little as an actor (more inquiries being made after the verses addressed to me, than after *Lear* or *Macbeth*), yet still I think myself more obliged and honoured than I have words to express. Even you, my lord, cannot exert a greater spirit of disinterestedness and benevolence than you have done in my favour; for it is as impossible for your lordship to receive any additional fame by writing the best verses, as it is for me not to derive from them every honour and importance which my vanity or my ambition could wish for. I am, my lord, &c.

"D. GARRICK."

We pass to another of the matters singularly applicable to existing circumstances, the discussion of privileges of the House of Commons, and the printing of their proceedings:—

"*The Earl of Chatham to Lieutenant-Colonel Barré.*"

Tuesday, 3 o'clock, March 26, 1771.

"My dear Sir,—I am extremely indebted to you for your obliging trouble, after a long fatigue yesterday. The scene is most interesting, and the day, as I expected, on a matter not sufficiently understood, somewhat disjointed. To me it seems that the only clue through the labyrinth is, that the house becomes flagrantly unjust and tyrannical the moment it proceeds criminally against magistrates standing for a jurisdiction they are bound to maintain, in a conflict of respectable rights. Nothing appears to me more distinct than declaring their right to jurisdiction, with regard to printers of their proceedings and debates, and punishing their member, and in him his constituents, for what he has done in discharge of his oath and conscience as a magistrate."

The immediate results are partly explained by the following:—

"*John Calcraft, Esq. to the Earl of Chatham.*"

Thursday morning, past one o'clock, March 28, 1771.

"My dear Lord,—After a stranger scene than what I had last the honour to inform your lordship of, the business is just ended in the lord-mayor's commitment to the Tower. The motion first proposed was, to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, on account of his health. His lordship told the house he was much recovered, and desired to go to his honourable friend in the Tower. Mr. Ellis therefore moved the amendment of the Tower. I opposed the punishment on your lordship's ground; Mr. Phipps rose after me, and took much larger. He denied the principles on which the house had proceeded. Dyson answered us. On this question little else was said. There was a division of 202 to 39. Barré, Cornwall, and Mr. James Grenville went away before the division, in consequence of lord-mayor's last speech. The Rockinghamians in general absented; Burke, Sir George Savile, and some others, seceded. Previous to this, there was a debate on Ellis's motion on the breach of privilege; which lasted till eleven o'clock, but no division. In the course of it, Mr. Wedderburne was fully paid for his insolence, by Barré and Serjeant Glynn. The former dressed him with dignity, propriety, and great severity. Lord North disclaimed going out, though he wished much for ease and retirement. He added, that nothing but the

king or the mob, who were near destroying him to-day, could remove him: he would weather out the storm; but his pathetic manner and tears rather confirmed than removed any suspicions of his very anxious, perplexed situation.* The concourse of people who attended lord-mayor is incredible. They seized Lord North, broke his chariot, had got him amongst them, and but for Sir William Meredith's interfering, would probably have demolished him. This, with the insults to other members, caused an adjournment of business for some hours. The justices came to the bar to declare they could not read the Riot Act, and that their constables were overpowered. The sheriffs were then called upon: they went into the crowd, attended by many members, and quieted them by five o'clock; when we proceeded on business. Mr. Ellis finished the evening by moving a select committee of twenty-one, to be chosen by ballot, to inquire into facts and circumstances relative to obstructions of the orders of the house. Mr. Wedderburne added a motion for an open one, to inquire into the causes of the present riots and tumults.† About ten o'clock the people again assembled, and are gone to the Mansion House with their magistrate. He goes from thence as soon as the Tower gates are open.‡ I must conclude, being really worn out; but am, in all situations, with the warmest attachment, your lordship's ever obliged, faithful, and affectionate friend,

JOHN CALCRAFT."

Other political affairs seem to prove that it is only the wheel running round, and that there is indeed nothing new under the sun.

In his private and domestic correspondence, the character of Lord Chatham shines forth resplendently; but we shall omit his loving epistles to find room for one of his son's, at the age of fourteen:—

"*The Honourable William Pitt to the Earl of Chatham.*"

Pembroke Hall, October 15th, 1773.

"My dear father will, I hope, believe that nothing could make me more happy than his kind and pleasing letter, and is I trust assured, that its flattering contents must incite me to labour in manly virtue and useful knowledge, that I may be, on some future day, worthy to follow, in part, the glorious example always before my eyes. How ill-timed was the neglect of the poet, that should damp with any degree of anxiety the rejoicings on the happy ninth of October! Our thoughts as ardently hailed the auspicious day, as your renowned western Luminary; who, I trust, by the next morning, though he sunk that night probably in a bowl of punch,

'Had trick'd his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky.'

Sunday being the day which he usually celebrates in the gold waistcoat. Lectures in

* "In the course of his speech, Lord North expressed his conviction, that the mob who had attacked him were hired by the minority, to endeavour to effect without doors what they despaired of doing within. This brought up Mr. William Burke, who said that 'it was a falsehood, a most egregious falsehood; that the minority to a man were persons of honour, who scorned such a resource; and that the charge could only emanate from a man who was hackneyed in indirect measures.'"

† "Mr. Wedderburne's motion was for a committee 'to inquire into the causes and occasion of the riots and tumults of the persons who assembled on Monday last, yesterday, and this day, in the avenues leading to this house, and attacked the persons of the members coming to attend their duty in parliament.'"

‡ "On the following day, Mr. Charles Fox complained to the house that the mob in Palace Yard had insulted him, broke the glasses of his carriage, and pelted him with oranges and stones, &c., and proceeded to complain of the conduct of the sheriffs; but the debate was put an end to by Lord North, who moved the order of the day, which was carried by seventy-five against thirty-one."

Quintilian will shortly call me away from the pleasure of writing to you; so that I shall be able to add but little more. You see by this, that I am now settled to business, and the tutors make a favourable, I fear a partial, report to the master; who has obligingly taken the trouble of hearing me himself, and, I trust, is not wholly dissatisfied. Health smiles on my studies, and a college life grows every day more and more agreeable. I received yesterday another most kind letter from Burton, for which I am infinitely obliged. I was very sorry to find that any thing of gout was felt, but I hope all those sensations are, before now, perfectly dispersed. I was in hopes to have had a few minutes to write to my dear mother, and thank her for her letter; but I find I must defer it till the next post. I therefore beg leave to trouble you with my duty to her, as well as love to brothers and sisters: many thanks to the latter for their obliging epistles; which I wish I had time to answer. I am, my dear father, your ever dutiful and affectionate son,

WILLIAM PITT."

William Pitt's accounts to his mother of his father's speeches, and the debates that followed on American questions, and to which he listened, are extremely interesting; but we must conclude, which we do with Lord Chatham's last letter:—

"*The Earl of Chatham to the Duke of Richmond.*"

[From a draught in the handwriting of Lord Pitt, April 6th, 1778.]

"Lord Chatham presents his respects to the Duke of Richmond, and desires to express his best thanks for the great honour of the communication of the motion intended by his grace on Tuesday. It is an unspeakable concern to him, to find himself under so very wide a difference with the Duke of Richmond as between the sovereignty and allegiance of America, that he despairs of bringing about successfully any honourable issue. He is inclined to try it, before this bad grows worse. Some weakness still continues in his hands; but he hopes to be in town to-morrow."

Norway, and the Norwegians. By R. G. Latham, Esq. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

THESE sketches, drawn with a strong admiration of the country and people of Norway, are on the whole favourable to their social and political condition. Possessing the most democratic constitution of any European state, and rising rapidly, as Mr. L. assures us, in prosperity; he evokes greater attention to their habits, science, literature, and prospects, than has hitherto been paid to them, as belonging merely to a province of Sweden. It shall be our task to advert to the most novel portions, as specimens of the work; and as our pages have often been filled with Norwegian matter, we shall deem that sufficient without tracing the author's steps from place to place, and analysing or condensing his very desultory information. The style, it will be seen, is a little slap-dashish.† National character is thus portrayed:—

"I said that the Norwegian farmer had somewhat of the obstinacy of the English one; I might have added, that he partakes also of

* "On the 'morrow,' Lord Chatham appeared in the House of Lords for the last time."

† *Ex. gr.* "Luckily our hostman speaks English (in a way), for devil of a sentence of Norse can either of us manage to tack together."

his prejudices. What a Norwegian says of a Swede, should be believed as little as what a Briton says of a Frenchman. The prejudice between the two nations runs incalculably high. When you are told that the Swedes are debauched and dissipated, believe it of the towns-people only. If you hear that they are drunkards, tell your informant to look at home. You may have it instilled into you that they are deceitful; wait until you find them so. I write upon what I have heard from, not only impartial foreigners who have visited the two countries, but also from the more enlightened Norwegians themselves. That the Swedes are belied by their neighbours I have no doubt. They are the more energetic nation of the two, can do more work for less money, and undersell the natives in labour. What the Irish are to us, the Swedes are, in a smaller way, to the Norwegians. Hence bad blood between the frontier peasantry. There is a scuffle all along the borders every Sunday. Some Swedes came to catch lobsters at Laurvig; the Norwegians spoiled their tackle and bullied them off the coast. That Sweden has a despotic government, is her misfortune, less than her fault. No man has impugned the courage of the subjects of Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus. The graves of the Swedes are in the country of their enemies. A Dane or a German sometimes says, *Du pralende Normand* (Thou boasting Norwegian). Where there is smoke there is fire. The Norwegian spirit is not indifferent to the cause of freedom. They shamed the lukewarmness of greater nations in the enthusiasm with which they sympathised with the struggles of Poland. They crowded the quay to hear the earliest tidings, they gave a home to the refugees, and supported them with their purses. Their love to the Muscovite is in the inverse ratio to their sympathy for his victim. However, the Swedes are the pre-eminent haters of every thing Russian. Norway's detestation comes at second-hand. England should think well of Norway, for Norway thinks well of England. At least she did so in the days of Wessel; who blames his countrymen for confining their admiration too exclusively to themselves and England:—

* They deem that men can only come
From England, or their own cold home.*

So sounds a song which criticises the national pretensions of all the nations of Europe, and winds up with the conclusion that good and bad are pretty equally distributed over all countries.

One of three languages, German, English, or French (and often more), is sure to be understood by an educated Norwegian; and you soon find out, from their conversation, from which of the three literatures their information has been principally derived. Radicalism goes with the French, and a hankering after things Danish with the German modes of thought. Of my own personal acquaintances, Wergeland was the most of a Gaul, and Daas of an Englishman. I said that one of these three languages was sure to be understood by an educated Norwegian. This does not mean that the knowledge of them is equal. French and English are about equally studied, German more than both put together. The Norwegian is more English than the Dane, and the Dane more German than the Norwegian. In Christiania they call a potato a potato, and in Copenhagen a *kartoffel*, after the English and the Germans respectively. The Swedes are as French as the Danes are German.

Of the Norwegian mode of life, a notion

may be formed from the author's description of their dietary. He says,—

“The Norwegians are not pre-eminently a cooking nation; their culinary operations are rather elaborate, as far as they go, than multifarious. They are also somewhat chronic in duration. I fancy that there is a good deal of superfluous work connected with them. For instance, they soak their game before it is dressed. But of this more hereafter. They reckon not their mode of cooking eggs by the hundred, and they delight not in a multiplicity of sauces. They stew not down whole sheep to make sauce for a single peacock. They have no essences with which you can eat your own father; or which, if dropped on the fingers, would tempt you to gnaw them to the bone. They have no vineyards, and their cellars scarcely make good the want of them. Their beer, like pneumonic creptations, is small. It is of a fine clear amber colour; but so are the waters of the Tiber and of the Tagus. What is called brandy is in reality whisky. It is made from either potatoes or corn. A great quantity of potatoes for this purpose are grown in the neighbourhood of Laurvig—*venenorum ferax*. The native produce, however, does not exclude cogniac. I think well of the Norwegian cogniac. I drank a good deal of it neat, as a preservative against the cholera. Their rum punch deserves all praise. It is best drunk cold. In summer-time you can have it iced, *punch à la glace*. In brandy-punch I have seen currant-juice mixed up.

“There is more claret than port, and more port than madeira. Drink red wine with your fish. Fish must swim three times—once in water, once in oil, and in wine: So says one in Athens. The Norwegians adhere to this rule strictly, but I believe unconsciously. They make soup of salmon—very good eating. Ditto of eels—very good eating. Ditto of pig-meat, or pork—not such very good eating. Stall-fed animals are not the peculiar products of Great Britain, nor are fat beasts confined to the south of the Baltic. The swine, to be sure, are, in general, rather plithical in their appearance than apologetic.”

As for the writer's own taste in feeding, we will not vouch it. He tells us,—

“If a red herring is to be eaten, as it ought to be, wave the ceremony of roasting it. Dried salmon is better for not having been near a fire. In English kitchens, a great deal of good heat is wasted. I once found a dried mutton-ham in a small posting-house after a long day's journey. The fashion is to eat such things *au naturel*. I did so, and enjoyed my meal. By far the best part of a Norwegian larder is the fish, the game, and the cheese. Small red trout from the mountain streams, stripling codfish, a salmon, and stock-fish, are the chief delicacies, whilst the chief sauces are of olive-oil. The flesh of the cock-of-the-wood is dark above and white beneath. This, with the ptarmigan and black grouse, is their chief game. I saw neither partridges nor pheasants. When meat is frozen, it is thawed by being put in cold water. The game flavour of a bird is no recommendation to a Norman. So much it is eschewed, that grouse, before they are dressed, are left for some hours in water to soak, and expel it. This is like acting ‘Hamlet’ with the part of the prince omitted; or the scenery of Richmond Hill without its wood and the river. Of course, nothing like *haut-gout* is tolerated. My friend and host, Mr. Archer of Laurvig, had a theory of his own upon this subject. He argued that the taste for high food, such as venison and

grouse, arose rather from necessity than from choice. That the Londoners set the fashion as to what was to be approved of in eating; that the Londoners got their grouse from a distance, during the hot weather, and therefore tainted; that they made a virtue of necessity, and professed to like tainted grouse from choice: that they extended their notions to other kinds of game on one side, and to the rest of their fellow-creatures on the other. The Russians, he added, who live at a distance from the sea, like high oysters—*dura messorum illa*—whilst those that live nearer prefer them with the minimum of odour. When railroads are general, and a supply of fresher viands take place, the natural taste for scentless food (so prophesies Mr. Archer) is to return. Horace, who tells us that the ancients loved rancid bacon, tells us at the same time that they did not do so naturally, but that there was a reason for it:

‘Rancidum aprum veteres laudabant, non quia nullus illis nasus erat, sed credo hac mente;’ &c.

Rein-deer venison is scarcely so good as that of the fallow-deer. It is dry even to parching and clipping. Rein-deer tongues, such as we eat in England, come from donkeys. I ate at Laurvig a lobster plain boiled and hot. Like Lord Chesterfield and his hunting, it is a thing a man should do but once. First catch your fish, then dry the flesh, then pound it to a fine flour, and with this fish-flour make a pudding. There are worse things in the world than a fish-pudding. It is a set-off to the *soupe au cochon*. With roasted mutton eat—not currant-jelly, but the preserved mountain-ash berries. If you wish to taste a cheese to which Cheshire, Stilton, and Gruyere, must yield the palm, go to Norway and ask for *gammel-ost*. If a second-rate one will suffice, ask for *mios-ost*. Now I would not be supposed to insinuate that there is no such thing as bad cheese in Norway. Far from it.

* O Norway cheeses, ye are like
To Jeremiah's figs;
The good were very good, the bad
Too bad to give the pigs.*

The day before my departure from the country I supped at Ny Hellsund, with the captain of the vessel that was to convey me. Native as he was of a county (Suffolk) where they use their cheeses as grinding-stones, the cheese to which we were that night condemned was too hard, too dry, and too sour even for him. *Gammel-ost* is made by mixing skim-milk boiled, with cream, or new milk, unboiled, and pressing it in a press of a certain antiquity; one that has pressed the cheeses not only of many seasons, but of many generations. The older this is, the higher is the flavour of the cheese. If new milk be kept until it becomes of a certain age (a month old or so), it grows curdy, and cheesy, and not disagreeably acid. This should be eaten with brown sugar and oaten biscuits. Many a traveller, during the heat of a summer's day, has wished for no more refreshing food than this, eaten in the clean dairy of a roadside farm-house, out of the smooth white wooden bowls in which it stands. Put a lump of sugar in the glass with your wine. It is a maxim, that good wine is improved by it, and that bad stands in need of it. I cannot say *experto crede*.

Of customs, the following are fair examples:—

“After dinner, it is usual for all the company to shake hands with each other, and return mutual compliments for the pleasure of their company during the meal. *Tak for Maden* (meaning, thanks for the meat), is the usual formula; it is said not to the host only but to all the company present. Little or no wine is

drank after dinner : during, however, that meal, a bottle stands between every second or third person, from which the company help themselves, or (if there be a lady next to them) their neighbour. There is no bowing, and drinking wine in the English sense of the word. An invitation to dinner means that the guest is not to stay for tea and supper, neither in Christiania nor in Copenhagen. The two meals are perfectly distinct, and require separate and special invitations for those that may partake of them. After dinner, coffee is served ; the host retires for a siesta, and the company disperse. At cards, the chief game is whist, and the savage custom (but lately exploded in England) of expecting the guests to leave money behind them to pay for the cards, and which is called card-money, is still kept up in Norway. It is not rude to smoke in a drawing-room, but it is creditable not to spit upon the floor. Think of this, ye transatlantic expectorators ! I have seen persons waltz with the pipe in their mouth, hanging over the lady's shoulder ; but such things form the exception rather than the rule."

Of the language, fine arts (yet in infancy),* and popular literature of Norway, the author treats in his usual brief and unceremonious manner. We select a sample of the latter—the "Rustic Muses :"—

"The most popular of these, a song which you may hear chanted by two or three dozen carter at once, as they return home, not always wholly uninspired by beverages more strong than water, and lolling, like our own draymen (unfortunately not likely to be fined), upon the shafts of their rattling vehicles, is a series of verses, to a lively tune, and with meaning as follows :—

"*Og Kiøre Yæ, og Kiøre Vand.*
Then carry wet, and carry dry,
And carry the reins apart-o ;
And carry who soever will,
I carry my own sweetheart-o,
The ruddy roses, and the eyes of blue,
The pretty girls I hold myself unto ;
When I do wed, so will I choose ;
So is it pleasant for to live-o."

When, and by what village composer this tune was first made, is a point beyond the researches of an antiquarian. The bard, too, who indited the first verse of the poetry, is as unknown as are the predecessors of Homer. Such, however, is the measure, to which stanzas are composed periodically, just as events take place which call for the medium of verse, or lampoons have to be written between peasant and peasant. Some hundred such must have been sung at different times, and forgotten with the event which occasioned them. I heard one person repeat between twenty and thirty. The following is one of them, shewing that the partiality for gay regimentals is not confined to any particular country, and least of all to our own :—

"Not a college student will I have,
That sits up and reads in his bed-o ;
But I will have an officer,
With a feather in his cap upon his head-o.
The ruddy roses, and the eyes of blue," &c. &c.

The student, however, is doomed to sigh in vain, only so long as he remains unbenedicted ; although it must be owned that in the following stanza he is preferred to no very formidable rivals :—

"Neither clerk nor sexton will I have,
That sits all the church-time a-yawning ;
But I will have a clergyman,
With butter for his breakfast of a morning.
The ruddy roses," &c. &c. &c.

The spirit of the song improves. There is less fastidiousness and more jollity. Scene—an ale-house :—

"As yet, there are no steel engravers in Norway, and as yet portrait-painting is in its infancy. Woodcuts, however, and lithographs, there are."

"Blessings on thy busy hands and feet,
Heaven's blessings on thee, ancient mother ;
That takes our empty glass away,
And brings a fresh one and another.
The ruddy roses," &c. &c.

I spoke prematurely, when I denied the existence of pick-pockets in Norway. Hear the lamentation of a countryman who goes to town, and falls into bad company :—

"In Christiania I have been ;
I'll never go again to Christiania :
There did steal my watch and seals,
And pick my pocket of a new handana.
The ruddy roses," &c. &c.

There is much more of this for such as love either to listen to, or to translate it. There is much also of a similar sort, to a different tune. Some are translatable. Others are too truly provincial to be so."

We will not meddle with Norwegian history, nor with its present constitution and religious divisions ; and we are sorry that we cannot enter upon the list of its writers and their works. The following relates to periodical publications :—

"The newspaper press is well conducted. Very small matters indeed are notified to the public in them, such as the sales of things that, in England, would scarcely cover the advertisement duty. Debts of honour between man and man are sometimes published, equally for the information of the debtor and the world in general. Of your neighbour you must not speak too freely. There is a severe law of libel for the land, and a spirit, not abhorring litigation, amongst the people to enforce it. In a small society, like that of Christiania, every one's style is recognised. You may as well put your name to your writing as conceal it. Such papers as profess leaders at all have good ones. These are as well written and less personal than our own."

Of the increasing commerce of the country, Mr. Latham speaks ; and, among other intelligence relating to it, states :—

"Nothing is wasted by the Norse fisherman. The very heads and offals of the cod have a use. Beaten up with some sea-weed, and mixed with a little hay, they serve as a mash for the Finmark cows, that not only manage to exist, but even to thrive, upon fodder so anomalous. Between 1815 and 1835, were exported (in round numbers) the following barrels of herrings :

1815 to 1819.....	155,000
1820 to 1824.....	307,000
1825 to 1829.....	340,000
1830 to 1835.....	517,000

Of lobsters, the following list :

1815 to 1819.....	605,000
1820 to 1824.....	927,000
1825 to 1829.....	1320,000
1830 to 1835.....	784,000

A single lobster costs in Norway about 1½d. A trifling duty is laid upon them when they leave the country. The London market has the chief monopoly of them. There is good cod-fishing off Shetland ; but the Norwegian can undersell the Shetlander, because his tackle is cheaper, and he fishes with nets. * * * The lobster-season is the winter. Then do they bite best. In June they are no longer caught. Such as are taken, are taken in weirs, or lobster-pots ; as eels are taken in eel-pots. These are laid in the water, with small fish by way of bait ; and the lobster that enters to devour finds himself unable to get out again. They are purchased before they are caught. Lobsters yet unborn are forfeited to the salmon-eaters of London. * * *

They pass the time between their capture and their embarkation in flat tanks, pierced with a multitude of small holes, lying off the neighbourhood of Laurvig, half sunk and half afloat. In this manner they pass

weeks and even months. Those that were caught first have a double time to wait. They remain in limbo, as patriarchs among their fellow-captives. The Norway lobsters are rather smaller than our own. Some of them are of light-blue colour. Occasionally they are found of monstrous hues. In such cases one side is black and the other white. These, however, are rarities. They fight among themselves, and have their claws pegged to prevent them. This is not as it ought to be. It is as easy a matter to tie them up. Besides this, it is more statutable. That lobsters be not pegged, is provided by an act of parliament. It might be thought that fish would, when thus confined, starve themselves into an atrophy. They are naturally voracious ; but during the time of their confinement eat nothing. Still they shrink less than might be supposed. An accurate hand may, however, tell the duration of their imprisonment from the lightness of their flesh. Females (with spawn) remain so, no *accouchemens* taking place. Before they are shipped from Norway a small export-duty is paid. Such as are dead when they reach London are thrown into the river. It is illegal to land them. Besides Laurvig, Christiania and Bergen have a large share in the lobster-trade."

With this we conclude, and leave to readers a book altogether amusing enough, and giving the latest news of Norway.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Monk and the Married Man. By Julia Rattray Waddington, author of "Misrepresentation," "Janet," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Saunders and Otley.

"Every thing in its proper place" is a good old maxim, and one brought forcibly to our minds whenever we see a novel made the vehicle of religious *pros* and *cons*. We think our authoress, like another writer in the same vein noticed in our last Number, unfortunate in her choice of a subject, and yet more so in the execution, and are fain to confess we have had some difficulty in following her to the end of her third volume. On one point, however, we are rather disposed to agree with the fair writer ; viz. in the conversion of the hero, a bigoted Roman Catholic. Who would not become Protestant, or, maybe, Jew (any thing but infidel), when tempted by the bright eyes and ruby lips of a Clara Montgomery ?

The State of Religion and Education in New South Wales. By W. W. Burton, Esq., one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, &c. 8vo. pp. 321 ; Appendix, pp. 136. London, 1840. Cross ; Simpkin and Marshall.

A LABORIOUS and statistical view of the rise and progress of the various religious persuasions which divide this colony ; the result of which is an earnest appeal to the friends of the Church of England at home to extend their support to it.

Grecian Stories, by Maria Hack. Pp. 352. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—We have in this Number mentioned another juvenile production, extremely well adapted for the purposes of instruction for which it has been written ; and we have much pleasure in being able to speak very favourably of this neatly ornamented and judiciously written volume, which throws distinct lights upon many interesting events in the ever-delightful history of Greece.

Sure Method of Attaining a Long Life, &c. by Lewis Cornaro. Pp. 124. (London, Higley.)—Every body is so desirous of length of life, that the well-known story and maxims of Cornaro (the great-grandfather of all Temperance Societies) have reached a 38th English edition.

The Englishman's Library.—Vol. I. Clement Walton ; or, the English Citizen, by the Rev. W. Grealey, M.A. Lichfield. Pp. 212. Vol. II. *Scripture History Familiarly Illustrated*, by the Hon. and Very Rev. H. Howard, D.D. Dean of Lichfield. Pp. 318. Vol. III. *The Parable of the Pilgrim*, by Simon Patrick, D.D. Lord Bishop of Ely.

(compressed edition.) With Introduction and Life of the Author. Pp. 259. Vol. IV. *A Help to Knowledge, in Extracts from the most Approved Writers, Systematically Arranged, and Adapted to be read as a Continuous Treatise*, by the Rev. T. Chamberlain, M.A. Pp. 100. (London, Burns.)—These four neat and cheap volumes offer the soundest moral and religious instruction, and are admirably fitted for the improvement of readers of every age. The editors, the Rev. E. Churton and Rev. W. Greasley, have acquitted themselves faithfully of their meritorious and useful task, and deserve the thanks of the community for their labours of love.

The New Eton Greek Grammar, by Clement Moody. (London, Longmans and Co.)—Mr. Moody having been very fortunate in his edition of the "Eton Latin Grammar" in English, has been induced to prepare the Greek in the same manner: its success will be the best criterion of its execution.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JAN. 13th. Mr. Greenough, F.R.S. President, in the chair.—Read, a letter from James Brooke, Esq., on board the Royalist Yacht, communicated by J. E. Templer, Esq.

"Sarawak, in Borneo, 20th Aug. 1890.
"Touching at Rio de Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, we reached Singapore in June last. While there, we surveyed a part of the island hitherto not examined; and I went up the Peli river, a noble stream, but unfortunately barred at its entrance. We traced the chief branch to its source, and another very nearly so. The country about Singapore is undulating; the highest eminence, Birket Timak, or Tin Hill, being 450 feet above the sea. From Singapore, which we left a month ago, we crossed over in two days to Tanjung Api, discovering an island not laid down in our charts. We here formed a base line, and surveyed the bay between it and Tanjong Datu, finding it quite clear of danger. Tanjong Datu of the charts is, by our chronometers, from seventy to eighty miles too far to the east and north. From Datu we entered the next bay; and measuring a fresh base, surveyed with great care between this point and Sepang. The included bay is about 100 miles in extent, and of some depth. The two islands of Talong Talong are situated in the centre of the bight. The mountain of Pou rises on the mainland of Borneo, not less than 4000 feet, close to its edge. At one corner is the river Lundu; and near the extremity of Sepang the noble mountain of Santobong, close to which is the Sarawak river. The entrance of this river is somewhat difficult, but has sixteen feet depth of water at the first of the ebb. We anchored just inside, in seven and a half fathoms, and despatched a boat to the Rajah Muda Hassim; who, after many inquiries, sent a parqueran of rank to welcome and accompany us up. The scenery at the entrance of Sarawak is noble. The peak of Santobong, clothed in richest verdure, rises close to the right bank, straggling trees, mixed with cliffs, crown the summit;—a white beach, fringed with light and elegant casuarinas, finishes the whole. Wild hogs in abundance, but as shy as if they had been fired at all their lives, and some fine grey pigeons, but we got none. We dropped up the river, taking a hasty survey, to the town of Kuching, or Cat Town, the distance thirty-six miles. Water generally deep, but here and there with awkward rocks; on one of these, being ignorant of the river, the Royalist was swept by an eddy of the tide, but got off without harm, though, had the ebb been running, our position would have been critical. The following morning, we anchored off the town, and saluted the rajah with twenty-one guns; on visiting him we were received with marked distinction, he always addressing me as the 'Great Man.' Rajah Muda Hassim is a little man, middle aged, with a plain but intelligent face. He

is the uncle of the Sultan of Borneo, and virtually the governor of the vast country lying between Point Daltu and the north of Borneo. He is a man of great ability and very partial to the English. Sarawak, or Kuching, is a newly established place, and likely to prove important in a commercial point of view. Antimony ore is produced in any quantity; gold, tin, rattans, bees' wax, and birds' nests, are procured from the surrounding country; and at the place itself is a white clay, excellent for pipes, and which the Dutch would prize; in short, in the opinion of the Malays, it is richer than any other locality along the whole line of coast. Two days were wasted in ceremony. The rajah visited us; we visited the rajah's brother, Muda Mahomed, a sulky savage. In the morning of the same day, I intimated my wish to be allowed to visit various places in the rajah's territory, particularly some Dayak tribes. I received his permission, to my surprise, to go to Samarahn and Landu—the latter full of Dayaks—but he informed me that he could not answer for my safety going up the river, as he was at war with some rebellious subjects. I was too glad to get this permission, and to-morrow morning we start on the first of these excursions.

"August 27.—We have returned from our trip from Samarahn, a noble river navigable for fifty or sixty miles; inhabitants few, but most of the land cleared, producing quantities of rice of the finest quality. We have been one hundred miles up this stream, and turned back with regret, on our attendant parqueran insisting on it; but the abundant river had dwindled to a stream, not broader than just to allow us to pull clear of the trees in our *skim-along*. The geological features of the country are granite mountains filled in with a rich alluvial soil of great extent, which is, in every part, intersected by fine rivers. Close to this are the rivers Samarhon, Mortubas, Quoss, Riam, Sarawak; most of them equal to the Thames in width and depth, save at their entrance. I am writing this in haste at Sarawak, having an opportunity of sending it by a Malay prahu bound to Singapore. Muda Hassim and James Brooke are great friends. I think I shall get a passport either now, or at some other time, to visit the whole of his kingdom. The day after to-morrow we start for Landu, to visit three tribes of Dayaks—the tribes of Landu, Sibuyon, and Raich, the latter in the territory of Sambas under the Dutch. As a summary, say we have executed a survey of fifty or sixty miles of the coast, which may be called entirely new. We have been one hundred miles, or nearly, up the noble river Samarahn, never before mentioned, and through many parts of the country, and seen many new rivers; that we are on the full progress of research, and during the cruise I hope to finish this coast, and see a good deal of the country besides. My object is to get among the Dayaks of Rejong and Birtalu: the latter are tattooed, and use the *sampi*, or blow-pipe. I am forming vocabularies of their different languages, and lean strongly to the opinion that they are not of the same race,—habits, manners, &c. being different, as I am told. I soon hope to tell you something more from personal observation. Our next civilised place will be Manila, whence you shall hear again. Natural history does not flourish here; for there is no shooting or seeing any thing in these jungles. Birds and monkeys are abundant, and I am told, that when we get among the Dayaks we shall get plenty of all sorts. I doubt; but I hope. I must not omit to mention that the climate here is very healthy and

cool; the thermometer often at 78°, sometimes 76°, never more than 85°, and that very rarely. The nights are so chilly, that in the boat I was glad to have my boat-cloak wrapped around me."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

JAN. 14th. Mr. C. H. Smith, 'On Stone for Building.'—Mr. Smith was one of the gentlemen appointed by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to inspect and report with reference to the selection of stone for building the new Houses of Parliament; his illustration, therefore, on the present occasion, necessarily embraced many of the details of the report made to Parliament last session. In all the ancient ecclesiastical edifices, baronial halls, and so forth, there is no stone to be found of larger dimensions than may be carried by two or three men; hence, those buildings are generally constructed of stone from neighbouring quarries; hence, too, the rapid decay of many of them. The greatest care is necessary in the selection of stone for building, as we have good and bad stone from the same quarry; a great quantity of the latter is brought to the London market: most of the public buildings being contracted for, the stone-merchant is fain to take that stone which is most easily quarried. Blackfriars' Bridge, for instance, in 1770, was constructed of this quality of stone, and presented sure signs of decomposition even before the bridge was finished! Mr. Smith exhibited many specimens of stone, some of which (that from Reigate) were so soft, that they crumbled into powder by the pressure of the thumb and fingers; yet houses were built of that material, and called good houses too by their proprietors. We purposely abstain from going into the scientific details of Mr. Smith's very able lecture: to treat it in such a manner would far outstep our limits, nor are we sure that it would be generally interesting. Suffice it to say that all stone is composed of the same elements, and may be divided into two classes or sorts,—sandstone and limestone: the former is easily recognised; passing it over glass it cuts like a diamond; while the latter, though never so much crystallised, leaves not a trace on the surface. Eight or ten specimens of stone were placed in water, where they remained; at the close of the lecture the glasses which contained the specimens were shaken, and it was curious to observe the extreme action of the water upon the inferior sorts,—melting them away, and leaving a sediment more or less thick and muddy, according to the quality of the stone. It was gratifying, however, to observe the glass in which a specimen of the stone for the new Houses of Parliament was submerged; here there was no sediment, the action of the water left the stone untouched. The stone so recommended is the magnesian limestone, or dolomite, of Bolsover Moor and its neighbourhood.—Mr. W. A. Graham has been elected Secretary in the room of Mr. Aikin, who has retired, carrying with him the respect of every member of the Society.

PARIS LETTER.*

Académie des Sciences, Jan. 6.

An interesting paper was read by M. Robiquet, upon a new substance discovered in mustard, readily crystallisable, and resembling starch,

* We have great pleasure in endeavouring to renew a portion of our continental information, from a correspondent acquainted with the value of novelties, and thus able to give their substance at what they are worth, without loading our columns (which have enough to do with interesting native matters) with long and extraneous trifling, or, what is worse, tinged with politics.—*Eds. L. G.*

produced by the action of ammoniac on the essence of mustard.—M. Arago read a letter from M. Blanqui, of Toulouse, communicating a plate, with a photographic impression, obtained by a modification of M. Daguerre's apparatus, in which the red brick of a house is represented in their natural colour by the action of the light; but the green shutters of the same house were also represented in red.—A communication was read from M. Dabadie, the Abyssinian traveller, giving the barometrical elevation of the following places in that part of Africa:—Lori, in the province of Samen, 3503 metres; Amodjadj, near Gondar, 3091 m.; Halay, near the coast of the Red Sea, 2700 m.; Gondar, the capital, 2294 m.; Adwa, capital of province of Tograny, 2029 m.—The Academy resolved to petition the minister of war for leave of absence to be granted to Professor Aimé from Algiers, in order that he might come to Paris to examine the instruments for the magnetic observations which he is to make in that part of Northern Africa. These instruments are the identical ones used in Captain Ross's northern expedition, which have been judged better for use, in order that the observations may be more easily compared with those of British savans.—It was hinted, in a letter from M. Hermann, that the meteoric bodies, called shooting stars, being supposed to be bodies revolving round the sun, made their revolutions in six months; and when not perceived as luminous bodies on the earth, passed between it and the sun, and caused partial obscuration of that luminary, together with corresponding diminutions of heat. Curious variations of the curves obtained by thermometrical observations were stated to correspond with this hypothesis.—M. Duhamel communicated an elaborate memoir on the exact determination of the vibrations of strings, and musical sounds thereby produced. The result of his method, which was the carrying out of the principle of D. Bernoulli, may be stated thus:—When a body causes at the same time several sounds, each of which it can produce separately, they are not all the elements of the surface which produce each of these sounds, but its surface may be considered to be divided into a finite number of parts, in each of which a single sound reigns exclusively. These different sounds are no other than what are heard all together, and present the same case as if they were produced respectively by distinct sonorous bodies.—A memoir from M. Bellenger combated the idea of hydrophobia being caused by any thing else than a moral affection—fright; and proposed that a premium of 1000 francs should be offered for the producing of a well-authenticated case of hydrophobia being communicated to the human subject by inoculation,—all circumstances of moral affection being supposed totally removed.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has been much occupied of late with a discussion on M. Blanqui's elaborate report upon Algeria. Some of the members have contested the accuracy of his ciphers; others have controverted his authority in various points: and all have delivered their opinions in *extenso* as to the best means of making the most of a bad bargain,—the French possessions in the north of Africa.

M. Didron, the secretary of the Comité Historique des Arts et Monuments, is shortly expected back from his Eastern tour: he is now at Malta. He has discovered a valuable MS. at Mount Athos, containing a complete code of Byzantine-Christian decoration and ornamentation for sacred edifices, &c. He is on the

trace of another MS. on architecture at Adrianople.

M. Loireleur de Longchamps, a young and promising Orientalist, died the other day.

The Minister of Public Instruction has just founded a chair of vulgar Chinese; and M. Bazin, a pupil of the learned Orientalist, Julien, has been named to it.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HAMILTON in the chair.—Sir Hilgrove Turner presented two drawings of Druidical remains in Jersey. The conclusion was read of a paper commenced at the last meeting, from Mr. Archibald, 'On some Ancient Guns and Ammunition found buried in the Sand and Clay on the Western Shore of the Island of Walney, Lancashire.' About twenty guns were discovered, formed of wrought-iron bars, hooped together, a great number of stone balls, an eighteen-pound shot of hammered iron, and some small ones cast, and covered with lead. Mr. Archibald traced the history of the use of ordnance from the earliest known period; and the various forms and means used in its progress from the rude beginning to its present complete state, and considered that the specimens described were of the time of Edward IV. In which opinion he is supported by the circumstance that the spot where these remains were found is in the immediate neighbourhood of Peel Castle, where Lambert Simnel landed from Ireland, in 1467, with his forces, commanded by Martin Swartz and Geraldine, and where they were joined by Sir Thomas Broughton; and it is supposed that a vessel of Simnel's fleet, containing these pieces of ordnance, was wrecked on the spot where they were discovered.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Horticultural, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers' (Anniversary), 7 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT.

DURING the whole of the present week, miniature portraits of Her Majesty and Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, painted by W. C. Ross, A.R.A., have been on private view at Messrs. Colnaghi and Puckle's, in Cockspur Street. They are beautiful and highly finished works. That of the Queen is a half-length. Her Majesty is seated on the throne. She wears the blue riband of the Order of the Garter; but no crown, or any other insignia of royalty. The resemblance is very striking, the features are full of vivacity, and the flesh is charmingly coloured. The portrait of Prince Albert is a small oval, containing merely the head and shoulders. Never having been so fortunate as to see the Prince, we are of course not competent judges of the likeness; but the expression is intelligent and pleasing.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—On Monday, Mr. Moore, a gentleman of provincial reputation, made his first essay before a London audience here in the arduous character of *Hamlet*. Making allowances for the anxiety and trepidation of a

début in the highest walk of the art, we should say that he neither failed nor succeeded; meaning that he did not succeed in *Hamlet*, but evinced very respectable talents for the stage. The performance was throughout very measured and level. There were no extravagances,—nothing to provoke disapprobation; but, on the other hand, there wanted fire and passion, and there was little to excite applause. The cause of "this effect defective" was literally deficiencies. A sameness pervaded the whole, so that the play-scene, the closet-scene, the *Ophelia*-scene, and the grave-scene, were too little removed from the soliloquies; and in the soliloquies the most stirring passages were hardly distinguishable from the rest,—the bursts of natural feeling from the calm of philosophical reasoning. The play occupied three hours and a half in acting: and there was no masterly expression of eye, or countenance, or gesture, to make the pauses, or rather the monotony, attractive. From beginning to end, with a brief start in "Go to a nunnery," &c., Mr. Moore enounced every word and every syllable most distinctly, almost as if he were reading the part; and the result was that all the tenderness of the gentle-spirited *Hamlet* was lost, and there remained only a rigid sternness quite inconsistent with his mental attributes and peculiar circumstances. The most wavering and irresolute of tragic heroes had a misplaced and mistaken fixedness that left his eye tearless, his voice without pathos, and his demeanour without variety. Now these are faults fatal to the adequate personation of the Prince of Denmark, and consequently the play was tame and tedious. In characters of another kind, we have no doubt Mr. Moore will take a superior stand. His line seems to lie neither in the mournful heart-touching, nor the wild outbursts of the deeper passions (for the glorious opportunities of exhibiting these in *Hamlet* came tamely off); but whenever a good person, sententious utterance, appropriate action, and evident sound sense, are required, there he will be at home. The *Queen*, being the first appearance of Miss C. Poole, we must pass over; and for the remainder, content ourselves with noticing that Mrs. Walter Lacy's *Ophelia* was very praiseworthy; Mr. Farren's *Polonius*, excellent where humour prevailed; Bartley's *Premier Gravedigger*, racy; and Granby's *Second*, in fair keeping; T. Green's *Orrie*, the perfection of ancient dandyism; and Mr. Cooper's *Ghost* benefited by a fine moonlight walk (new scene) on the sea-shore at Elsinore.

Appropos of Shakspeare: it never struck us before, and might have been impressed by Mr. Moore's mode of delivery, that there is a curious contradiction in *Hamlet's* exquisite soliloquy, "To die or not to die," wherein he speaks of that *bourne* from which no traveller returns; whereas, on the contrary, he is the last person on earth to say so, seeing that his own father has returned, and given him, though vaguely, rather important intelligence from the other world.

Haymarket.—On Thursday, the *Love Chase* was played to a full house, for the benefit of Mrs. Glover, and to introduce to the public a new claimant upon their favour, in the person of Miss Howard; a pupil, we understand, of that excellent actress, and to whom was assigned the arduous but good-acting part of *Cousin Constance*. Miss H. is rather tall, of fair personal attractions, and a fresh and pleasing, if not very expressive cast of countenance. After her first alarm, which was overpowering, subsided, she entered into the spirit of the

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